THE CENTRE OF VISION

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CENTRE OF VISION

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"It is artistically regrettable, but true, that the successful artist and illustrator is hopelessly like his neighbors—in that he bathes, eats actual meals, and occasionally pays his bills."

I know a place where the sun is like gold, and cherry blooms burst with snow,
And down underneath is the loveliest nook where the four-leaf clovers grow.
One leaf is for faith, and one is for hope, and one is for love, you know,
And God put the other one in for luck. If you search you will find that it's so.
But you must have faith, and you must have hope. You must love and be strong. And so,
If you watch, if you wait, you will find the place where the four-leaf clovers grow.

Anonymous.

Some Commonplace Vacation Suggestions

Proverbially it is the failing of the pedagogue to seek to instruct, outside his schoolroom as well as in. So this little preachment may go to show that the well-seasoned teacher of art is no exception to the general rule. I confess to the fear that my well-meant advice may seem to the art student juiceless and old-fogyish, which is the same as saying that if my memory leads me not astray, I should not have cared much for it in my own student days at the Normal Art School. But then, of course that is a different matter.

As the summer vacation approaches, I suppose every right-minded member of the school thinks, in a general way, at least, of doing a great deal of outdoor sketching. Looking forward with temperamental optimism, the summer days seem long, with opportunity for no end of artistic effort; and visions of many experiments and many sketches as the result of the summer freedom arise pleasantly in the mind during the closing days of the term. But when autumn shall have come, unless art student nature is much changed from what it was of old, many days will have slipped by without a sketch, and the accumulated results will prove to be meagre.

One reason that this happens so often with students is that the ability to plan and to guide their own efforts has remained undeveloped. Too many art students, as well as other people, lack initiative. Some students, anxious to make the most of their time join summer classes. Now, while summer schools are fine opportunities for those who can't get instruction during the winter, a student ought to begin early in his life to learn to plan and to carry on his work independently. Without gaining such ability, how can he ever become an individual in the true

sense of the word? And whether he finds himself a teacher or an art worker, it is the individual conviction that he stands for, that will make his work felt. I hope Emerson's essay on "Self-Reliance" is still read and rightly understood by all Normal Art School students.

To those then who would accomplish the most by their summer sketching, I would say *make definite plans.* If you don't make plans, the chances are you won't make sketches—despite good and enthusiastic general resolutions. To wait for inspiration or to depend on the passing mood is a great waste of time with those who have not learned their craft.

Think definitely of your own needs, and then decide to apply yourself systematically to acquire some particular kind of knowledge or skill. Have you learned to handle the lead pencil well? It is the handiest, the most universal medium, and ought to be better understood by teachers of drawing. Why not plan to make a pencil sketch every day during the summer? But be more definite still. Take some one subject that interests you, as, for example, common trees, wild flowers, birds, common animals, or many studies of one type of animal. Make a series of related drawings, from nature or from memory, or both. In that way you will have begun to lay away a store of images to be used later, besides getting general practice in sketching. Learn all the possibilities of the pencil. See what can be done by the use of various grades of lead and varying textures of paper (mostly the smoother ones). Study the methods of such men as Borough Johnson in "The Studio," and Charles H. Woodbury, and you can find help, too, in the books of the somewhat old-fashioned J. D. Harding. Then turn to the pencil studies of Alfred East, in his book on "Landscape

Painting." Besides recognizing the possibilities of the pencil, decide what limitations you should place upon it. What is the best size for a pencil drawing? How far is it wise to carry a pencil sketch? When is the beauty of the medium most in evidence? These are questions that each should answer for himself—after many intelligent efforts.

I have taken up the question of pencil sketching merely as an example of a way to plan a campaign of summer practice with the end of gaining definite power. The student who has worked in water-color, or in oil, or who has spent the past year in figure drawing can map out just as definite a plan. To one interested in landscape painting, what gain can be made in three months by definite practice on the same size of panel day after day of some particular problem? For example, take a series of cloud studies under the many different atmospheric conditions, or the persistent painting in of a series of sketches of some one near-at-hand subject. Miles of tramping in search of subjects for compositions is good fun, and not to be discouraged, but if you want to learn to paint, keep at it in your own back yard! Monet saw possibilities in an ordinary haystack, and, studying it in various lights, painted a remarkable series of pictures.

James Hall.

It is not raining rain to me,
  It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
  Wild flowers on the hills.
The clouds of gray engulf the day,
  And overwhelm the town,
It is not raining rain to me,
  It's raining roses down.

Louis Schneider.

The Originality of the Artist Whistler

In one of Carlyle's admirable essays on human characteristics, he speaks of humor, particularly, as being a rare attribute of humanity in modern times; he says that often a pure and limpid vein of humor is found among the unsophisticated and simple people in the remote west of North America. Indeed, where should we expect and look for originality if not in our own country? Most certainly in our political foundation and development of our government of the people, which in some, yes, many instances have been perverted by base and unworthy motives, but in the core of our system of popular government it will be found sound and true in its principle.

The early conditions and circumstances of many of our people in the first century of the development of this country were due first to climatic and other circumstances under which the colonists lived, wholly unlike the civilization and life of the people of Europe. Naturally the life and customs of the people of North America were in a way unique. Perhaps one would have to go a long way backward, clear into the very dawn of our race, when they slowly migrated from the remote East, to find conditions as near parallel as was the life and struggle of the first colonists in America.

The people came from the old life in Europe, and were brought face to face with the last survivors of the ancient stone-race of people, while civilization in some ways moulded and enlarged the native people. Many of the customs, habits, and methods of the primitive folk were borrowed by the white people, and were adopted and absorbed into the higher civilization of the European colonists. We read how very soon the

French adopted the Indian dress and habits, going out into the vast wilderness, and became by association Indians. Our own New England people borrowed many good things from the natives in food, raiment, methods of warfare, and trade methods, until then wholly unknown to the colonists. These were so firmly fixed in the life of the new people that many of these things and customs remain to the present.

As a contrast, we may also consider the men who took upon themselves the artistic work of the new world. Our early painters developed many new and novel things in the art of their day in Europe. Benjamin West, for instance, as well as Stuart, Inman, Elliot, and later such a man as Winslow Homer, were true and original men; to their country and their blood they thought out and brought a new creative force that was truly the art of a new world. These men produced no feeble imitations of what was, and is now, a great art of another age, but to have it imitated in this country is about as absurd as placing a Hindoo temple in the crowded thoroughfares of some great modern American city.

As true humor is rare in the older portions of the world, so we are unlikely to find anything original—a new thought among those who have been under the influence of the art of the old world, and the work of those only exhibit a more or less faint echo of processes and formulas of the various schools of art and systems of art education, so called, we are so familiar with in the old world.

A better illustration may be seen in some of the criticisms of an exhibit of what was designated as "American Art," recently held in Europe. The critics seemed to be impressed with one fact—it was "clever," but not the least original or national

in its character. "These things," one critic said, "might easily have been painted anywhere in Europe. There is really no reason for sending these canvases over here." No doubt some were painted in America, but they are wholly European in thought and expression.

Singularly enough, however, as a proof that the art world in Europe is not wholly wedded to the academical, we are told that Whistler seemed to possess all the real interest in the exhibition—perhaps because people unconsciously found in the work of Whistler a true vein of something new and original in art.

We all know that Mr. Whistler, and he himself never took any means to deny the fact, was greatly influenced by the sensitive, beautiful art of Japan, and in his work we have the delightful satisfaction of seeing how the accidental artistic mind could admire and adopt this wonderfully subtle art of the remotest East, and bring it within the realm of modern art thought. Could anything be more lovely or more original than the "Blue and Silver" marine—or "Arrangement," as the master would call it—now in the Whistler Memorial Exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts in New York?

Ross Turner.

Sitting for One's Portrait

Lately I have had my first experience in sitting for my portrait. It was not in the least what I expected. In the first place, to my great relief, it was not necessary to keep perfectly motionless—always a most tiresome task. Again, I was not obliged to hold my tongue, but, on the contrary, was encouraged to talk as much as I pleased—an excellent device to obviate self-consciousness. We chatted interminably, and usually about subjects far removed from the work in hand, so that I often forgot that I was posing. The painter was interested in the stock market, and we discussed not only "Shakespeare and the musical glasses," but Harriman, Morgan, and Little Steel. Perhaps you think a portrait painter is not likely to be much of an authority on Wall-street affairs; but you would have been astonished to hear my portrait painter discourse on margins, tips, and such-like mysteries. Such knowledge is often dearly bought.

Hazlitt was of opinion that there is a pleasure in sitting for one's picture which many persons are not aware of. "People are coy on this subject at first," he says, "coquet with it, and pretend not to like it, but they soon get over their scruples and become resigned to their fate. There is a conscious vanity in it; and vanity is the aurum potabile in all our pleasures, the true elixir of human life. The sitter at first affects an air of indifference, throws himself into a slovenly or awkward position, like a clown when he goes a-courting for the first time, but gradually recovers himself, attempts an attitude, and calls up his best looks the moment he receives intimation that there is something about him that will do for a picture."

H'm! Well, of course this does not apply to all cases. I

do seem to recollect that my portrait painter had something flattering to say about the shape of my nose, but, on reflection, and after consultation with my family, who are more apt to be frank than flattering, I think perhaps that was because it was my only feature that could be commended without obvious mendacity.

The sitter, however vain, need never suppose that he is going to be a match for the painter in a staring match. I usually sat from 4 o'clock to about 5.30, and fixed my gaze during the most of those ninety minutes upon the painter's face; while the way that painter looked over, under, into, and through my countenance was almost indiscreet. I was devoutly thankful that, so to say, things were no worse than they were, morally speaking, in my interior, for it was perfectly evident that concealment was out of the question.

I learned a good deal during twelve sittings. Instead of making a drawing at the start, and putting in the outlines of the head, as I would have done (for that is the way we did it on our slates at school, you remember), the painter took a largish brush and with that went scurrying all over the canvas from top to bottom, so that, at the end of the first sitting, there was merely a sort of ghost of a head looming from the fog, and looking about as much like Yours Truly as the new king of England, defender of the faith, emperor of Wales, and boss of Scotland and Ireland. Now, I did not approve of this method, but of course I did not dare to say so. My own idea would be to build a sort of silhouette and then fill it in—easy enough; I am going to try it some day.

Well, in the second sitting the head did not seem to make much progress, but the background came along a bit, and we

had a most interesting chat about James J. Hill, his ideas, also consolidated gas, and the wisdom or otherwise of Pennsylvania going back to a seven per cent. dividend rate. So it went, our talk ignoring the head totally, as if no such thing existed—until the sixth or seventh round, when the painter seemed to be out of sorts about something, and that head began to behave abominably, actually going backward. The deuce of it is you never can tell just what is the matter at this stage of the game, but I am informed such crises are not uncommon. The painter knows it is going wrong, but the sitter can't help; all he can do is to look pleasant, ignore the trouble, and keep on talking, talking.

We both felt rather gloomy when the next sitting began. The head looked obstinate, defiant, sphinx-like. But there was a look of determination in the painter's eye, a look that meant business. As for me, I simply sat there and talked, the same as usual; but the painter did not say so much, or perhaps, now I come to think of it, perhaps showed less agility than usual in jumping into the conversational gaps. When at last I stepped down from the stand, crossed the studio, and looked in the mirror, that day the miracle had taken place—the likeness had "come"! They say it almost always "comes" in this sudden way, like butter in a churn.—Boston Transcript.

HELPFUL

"Co-education is a good thing. The boy gets his study and his courting finished simultaneously, and is then ready for work."

"Just so. While the girl can save dad lots of money by marrying in her graduation gown."—Washington Herald.

Greetings! I have been assured by the editor and the rest of the staff, collectively and individually, that no one ever reads the Art Notes, anyhow, and with this in mind, together with my own experience, I feel not unlike a second Hercules.

"Some one" has told me that "hearing a lecture on art is like eating a recipe for a plum pudding," but there is at least one way to alleviate the unpalatableness—a nice word, that—go and see the pictures, take in the galleries, for what am I that I should shape the minds of the young! Go, and then you will at least have an idea of that which is being discussed.

At about five minutes of two I confronted the bell-boy at the St. Botolph Club, and I don't know whether it was my compelling smile, or pity, but he let me in, all alone, to the Redfield exhibition. E. W. Redfield should be double-starred in one's artistic Baedecker. He has recently sold a picture entitled "Shadows" to the Louxembourg.

He had seventeen pictures on exhibition—all quite large, and all very interesting. The one which almost every one likes the best is called "Brooklyn Bridge." It is night, and everything is enveloped in transparent darkness, punctuated with friendly, twinkling, reddish-yellow lights. Another canvas identical in feeling is called "The Seine, Paris."

The one I liked best was called "Hilltops." We have been told that shadows in the foreground were unfortunate, but I defy any one to question those which stretch along this hill and vanish among the shaggy tree trunks which fill the centre-ground. The distance is blue, and hazy, and forgetable.

Next to this was "The Brook in Sunlight." There was the grandest stretch of smooth, white snow, which filled one with an insane desire to flop down and make a "shadow." He had several autumn and winter scenes which were remarkable for their atmospheric effects—"The Ravine," in particular, with that nice old stone bridge.

And oh! his technique. In the "Brooklyn Bridge" the darks were so thin that one could almost see bare canvas—the grain was discernable in all of them—and the lights were just little daubs of paint, one on top of another. Most of the pictures were hung behind glass, and the reflections were distracting, particularly on nearer view. The autumn and snow scenes were painted thickly, almost as if with a palette knife, and the colors mixed themselves on the canvas. In some of the autumn pictures the small trees and brush were made by simply dragging away the upper layer of paint with a thin brush line.

It was a splendid exhibition; it filled you with a longing to work, a hope that sometime you might be able to properly cultivate your imagination and observation, and a thankfulness that you were enough of an artist to enjoy the splendid work that he has done. I hope that you did not miss it.

I have recently been to see the "play that made Kokomo famous," and I came away with a startling and impudent fellow-feeling for the man who could "make Cressy and Agincourt look like a peace conference." He is no matinee idol at whom the infatuated maiden may throw roses. His masterpiece,

could one break the spell and tear it to pieces, has all the design, feeling, and technique of a "ten-best" composition. He is an artist, the simple, straightforward "Man from Home."

In the Copley Gallery there was a "thing" by Sargent; I was not horribly impressed. Near it was a portrait by Margaret Richardson [she never stopped working once] which was very good. A woman in a white dress, trimmed with white satin ribbon, and draped with a lavender scarf, sat in almost the exact middle of the picture, looking at a vase of blossoms in the background. The composition was wonderfully and fearfully made. Perhaps it is not nice for me to think so, but the beautifully-painted vase in the sideground looked as if it had wandered in without waiting for its cue. Perhaps it was all right, but the carpenter doubts it.

The scarf was well painted, but the dress was the most interesting. Every change in the ribbon banding made by the folds in the net was exquisitely indicated. It was atmospheric and thoughtful, and showed observation.

Across the room was a portrait of a young man by E. L. Ipsen. It was a splendid piece of work, for one immediately felt that the artist had given us the character of the person; the pose and the expression were very lifelike. There was a youthfulness that pervaded the entire picture, a freshness that enveloped you and bound you in the spell of both sitter and artist.

Next to this on the wall was a portrait of a widow. The shadow of her large toque and veil fell athwart her face, but your eyes did not dwell long there; they were drawn to the wonderful fur coat that she wore. It was a seal-skin, a wonderful blue-black, indescribably colored fur, which, no matter

where you stood, looked soft and furry still. I walked back and forth, I rubbed my nose against it, I viewed it from afar, I reasoned with myself, but I am not convinced. I am going back to-morrow and see if it really isn't fur.

The 141st exhibition of the Royal Academy opened in London on Wednesday, May 4. Nearly 2,000 works were on exhibition, but the two which attracted the most attention were E. A. Abbey's two decorative panels for the capitol in Harrisburg, Penn.

If you ever are feeling blue, having been indiscreet enough to sing before breakfast, or a "distructive" criticism (perish the thought) having come your way, I advise you, fly to the craftsman and there feed your soul. Perhaps you think it does not sound promising, but just list to the tale of the Chinaman:—

Once upon a time, ever so long ago, there lived in China a little, weazened-up, yellow man. It was in the Ming dynasty, whatever that was. . . . Like most of us in 1910, his chief occupation was earning enough cash to buy enough rice and fish to nourish his shriveled little body sufficiently to make it possible for him to earn more cash to buy more rice and fish, and so on ad infinatum. Somewhere in Ching's disugusting little body there slumbered a soul about as big as a grain of mustard seed. It was an untroublesome soul, that let him beat his wife and do many other vile things. Ching's possession of a soul was not in itself remarkable. Most of us have souls—much like Ching's.

But one day Ching's soul woke up.

Ching earned the cash for his rice and fish by making pots for other people to cook rice and fish in. He made the pots good enough to sell for cash, and no better. Why should he?

It would not be prudent to make them so well that they would never break, for then by and by his occupation would be gone, and how would he get rice and fish then? And it didn't really matter if they did happen to be scratched and uneven. Folks simply wanted pots that would hold water and not crack in the fire.

But one day Ching conceived the idea of making a specially good pot. It was his soul that told him to do it—but he did not know that. So he made a good pot. It was a very good pot indeed. It was round, and smooth, and graceful. When the good pot was done he didn't try to sell it, but cleaned a place for it on the shelf and sat and looked at it. It pleased him greatly, and as he sat and admired it his soul grew—just a little bit.

After a while the good pot ceased to satisfy Ching's soul, and it clamored for another. So Ching made another good pot, better than the first. Then he made another good pot, and soon all his pots were good. . . . Finally the great inspiration of Ching Wong's life came to him. He resolved to make a vase, the most beautiful vase that would ever be made. At last it was done. He had put the whole of his little mustard-seed soul into it, and it was the most beautiful vase that had ever been made.

Ching Wong was one of the world's craftsmen. Craftsmanship is the realization of art for art's sake . . . and the reward . . . is the satisfaction of the soul in the completion of a perfect thing, whether it be a chair or a cathedral, a sentence or an epic.

There is a photograph in this same number of Sorolla and his family. The artist is of medium build, with dark hair, beard, and mustache, and is clad in a loose shirt, which gives

him a decidedly picturesque, though not untidy, appearance. Accompanying the picture are other photographs illustrating an article on Valencia, his native birthplace. The article is written by a woman, also a native of that place, and brings vividly back the long stretches of sand and the blazing sunlight.

There is also a reproduction of a picture entitled "Road-Breaking," by Rockwell Kent, which consists merely of a most "amusing" silhouette against a light background.

In one of the recent magazines there was an article on Thomas Golete, an Englishman, who is doing some good decorative work. It is different from a great deal of its kind, for all of his figures possess a certain kind of individuality that makes one look at them twice.

Also, in Harper's we find something very unusual, some pictures of American Indians drawn by Karl Bodmer and Jean Francois Millet. They are so like and so unlike his better-known sketches that one's history-loving, logical mind is sadly perplexed. There seems to be no doubt concerning them, however.

I have made two trips to the Museum, only to be confronted by yards and yards of white cloth and a flaunting sign, "Closed." But Saturday my soul pined for pastures new, and I went on a tour of discovery, with what success I leave you to judge.

In the spaces over the several doors leading from the rotunda of the Museum were horizontal panels, little misty landscapes, with scantily-draped figures playing on stringed instruments. They gave one a dreamy, Elysium-like feeling, partly because of their very mistiness, I suppose.

I was fully prepared to see that "horrid" Bacchante. I

had heard it discussed on street cars, at home, at school. All my German modesty came tramping to the fore, and oh, what a disappointment! There was nothing disgusting about it at all. It was simply a beautiful nude figure of a woman, supporting on one arm a fat, frog-like baby, and tantalizing it with what was intended to be—but should have been labeled—a bunch of grapes. "There is nothing evil, but thinking makes it so."

There have been several canvases newly hung in the "modern" galleries, among which is a Degas of ballet girls.

Also, there is a new Jerome. If ever you are self-satisfied, if you ever become bloated with "constructive criticisms," or have a bad attack of the "me and Beethoven feeling," I beg of you, go up and steadfastly regard those two canvases by M. Jerome.

Look at the exquisite flesh tones on that nude woman's body, look at the modeling of the slave's face, behold the beautiful yellow sheen of the turban—oh, so exquisitely, so beautifully made—so simply, and yet with such rare feeling, such smallness of detail, and yet "Someone" said that the studies for all M. Jerome's pictures are made heroic size. By the time you had gotten that far you would be perfectly willing to grind his paints. There is unlimited inspiration to be found in these pictures. I know, because I have found some there. There, also, I discovered a portrait by Mr. Tarbell of a Mr. Edw. Robinson which was painted some time ago, and is as different as can be from the work which he is doing now.

The Monets have wisely been grouped together. They cannot be appreciated when interspersed with others so far different from themselves.

We also have a Sorolla of our own now. It is not one of

the best, I am sorry to say, but it has the salt tang of the waves, the fat, sunburned children, and the brilliant sunlight for which he is famous. I never shall forget that slender little boy clinging to the rock, with the purple-green shadow under his arm.

And one other prize—"The Redfield Stone Bridge"—is also in the Museum.

I made two other discoveries—that the windows in the romantic old Weingarten room really will open, and that the Japanese fish do not care especially for chocolate peppermints—but of course that is beside the point.

"Comparisons are odious," and therefore my trip to the Museum Students' Exhibition was not an unalloyed pleasure. The work from the antique in charcoal was not good. It was "edgey and outlined," and most of it showed that the motto of our mutual instructor, "Reflected lights are dark," had not yet forced its way into their artistic memory!

The charcoal work in life was better in that it was truer, but there did not seem to be that striving after the "potentialities," the character, that there really should be. The work was more mechanical. So much anatomy, plus so much light, plus so much proportion, and if you only finish a torso in the week, why—very well.

The life work in oil was a veritable oasis—it was good, splendid. There were huge canvases full of light and color, with a real flesh-and-blood look to them, and a general regard for composition.

The portrait work was good, too, but not so satisfyingly all-sufficient as the life work.

It is always pleasant to happen on an instructor's work. Mr. Dallin has recently completed an half-figure marble statue of Rev. Mr. Hornbrooke, one-time pastor of the Channing Uni-

tarian Church in Newton. It is a fine likeness, and has received almost unanimous praise.

At the Grundmann Studio are some landscapes by Aldro T. Hibbard. They are all small, but very good. There is nothing flamboyant about them. On the contrary, they have a thoughtful, stilly feeling which is grateful. The light is well diffused, and the distances are particularly good.

At the St. Botolph is a picture by Lyman Fancy, '09. It looks startlingly like "Billy" Packard, except that "that smile" is lacking!

Nancy Melissa says there wasn't a single regret. It is all a trembly, hazy dream now, but we feel pretty certin that our debut made a distinct impression.

It was lovely, the way you appreciated the hits and laughed, and applauded, and appreciated. You were a splendid audience, and we thank you for your attention, your money, and—your bouquets, oh, those radishes.

We also thank "some one" for so nobly helping us, only we know how much,—encouraging, jollying, scolding, loaning us Lares and Penates, and, yes, we firmly believe "they" did more, though we cannot be positive. We can never retaliate. It must be soul-satisfying to have your praises sung by a whole company, though, and to the tune of "Baffins Bay."

Gladys L. Forbush.

The Red Winged Blackbird

On a flaunting flag the red-wing swings
("Onk-o-lee!"),
And he dips and sways, and tilts his wings
In the rollicking south wind, as he sings,

"Ka-lonk-o-lee!
One, two, three,
Nestling hid where none can see,
Ka-lonk-o-lee!"

Oh, the blue is bluer when he comes
("Lonk-a-lee!"),
The bee in maple blossom hums,
The field and the lark again are chums,
"Ong-filla-re,
The waking lea
Is sweet with the breath of Arcady.
Onk-kulla-ree!"

The flags are aflame with his epaulet
("Klong-kulla-ree!"),
That sparkle of red on a jacket of jet.
Oh, he is the summer time's gay cadet!
"Ka-lonk-o-lee!
The spring's a-glee,
From the Hudson down to the Oconee.
Ka-lonk-o-lee!"

When they meet for a sing in the wooing-time
("Onk-o-lee!"),
'Tis the gurgle of water in joyous rhyme,
Or the golden peal of a tuneful chime—
"Ka-lonk-o-lee!
What a jamboree
We're having up here in the sycamore tree!
Ka-lonk-o-lee!"

From the May Century Magazine.

An Aesthetic Monologue

(He enters blinking and wiping his glasses.) H'm! Good morning! Good morning! (Bows repeatedly, and turns as student enters.) Where is your composition? Didn't make one? Why not? Didn't have time? Oh—a—ah, not half an hour since last Thursday? . . . Kindly move that easel. (Moves a couple of tables himself, and gets paint on his hands.) Canaille! (Growls deeply, wipes his hands on a student's coat. Goes to door and takes student list from school attendant. Pins it to the wall, and proceeds to call roll.) Cauman? Collins? Baxter? . . . Brewster? . . . Uh! Davis? M-m-m—Hyson? *Hyson?* Where is that Hyson woman? Oh! there you are. . . . Herdman? Parker? Has any one seen Parker? Paeff? Richardson? *Richardson?* Just in time, young man. Sawin, Smith, Urquhart? Willard, Willard? . . . H'm! . . . (Puts pencil in pocket. Backs across the room and reviews the compositions. Takes one and places it on the easel. Backs off again.) Not bad. Not bad at all. There are certain values there that are quite true to nature. A certain naivete of vision. (Places another one on the easel. Steps off, and goes back to turn the easel into better light.) This isn't a bad idea, but you must go more to nature for your values. This figure looks as though it had a lantern in its head. No! No! No! Oh! no! Cherchez, cherchez, cherchez. (Diminuendo.) Get more the values of that one we just looked at. (Places another canvas over the one just criticised. Looks at it rather dubiously. Rests right elbow in left hand, and twists his moustache, which raises the corner of his lip and shows his teeth.) But the sheep over there. What are the men sitting on them for? Or are they calves? You must have mistaken the sub-

ject. This is "Rebecca at the Well," and not a calf-branding scene. . . . M'sieu! . . . Those sheep are camels? Oh! no! Them ain't camels. Just compare the camels and men. (Places another canvas over the other two, and turns away across the room. The easel tips over. He turns back suddenly. A student replaces the composition, the light is wrong, and he moves the easel again. The easel starts to fall, and the canvas slides. He clutches wildly for the canvas and the easel at the same time. He rescues them. One thumb is besmeared by a luscious highlight, and the other hand comes in contact with the shelf on the easel, which, as customary, is daubed with various colored paints. He gingerly prances about, snarling and showing his teeth, and holding his fingers like a boy who has discovered a broken egg in his pocket. He removes the pigment, meanwhile viewing the canvas. Suddenly he drops the paint rag and does an exaggeration of the Salome twist, with reminiscences of a muscle dance. Sings.) "Why do you do this . . . and this, Salome?" (Rolls eyes at the class and encores himself.) No! No! Don't use those wishy-washy attitudes. Make them straightforward in their actions. The God-chosen Rebecca wouldn't pour water in the camels' trough with her body in the attitude of Greuze's "La Source." Make her like this. It's possible. (Removes canvas with extreme delicacy, and after setting it down, recoils with writhing gestures. Places another canvas on the easel.) Wha—Wha—What is this? Is this Rebecca? It's last week's composition? No? Two weeks ago? But I don't recall the subject. "Jairus' Daughter"? No! No! This isn't Jairus' daughter. It's Henry Irving as the Duc du Guise threatening the Comtesse in "Richelieu." (Makes a motion as of clutching a woman's arm and forcing her to her knees. Hisses through

his teeth.) The secret, woman! The secret! No! No! It's not the subject Downes. Not the subject. Take it away and do another. The subject. (When the student has left the room and is in her own studio next door, he raises his voice so that it may be heard through the partition.) *Cherchez! Cherchez! Mademoiselle!* (A bevy of noisy Seniors, with their usual enthusiastic following, approach and causes him to go to the door.) S—sh! Where are *you* going? You are in the office this week. Didn't you make a composition? (Comes back again and thoughtfully surveys the array of canvases.) You must put more effort in these compositions. How many went over to the Public Library to look up this subject? One —three—five. Five out of a class of twenty-four. Out of those five, how many persued their original intention when they reached there? Hands up. Did you? And you? H'm —three. Well, it's your loss. I can't put the books in your hands. Now go and make me some cracker-jacks. And those who haven't any will have to get a move on. . . . I haven't seen yours? Where is it? Take it away. (Studiously revealing his apparently controlled tendencies towards mirth.) Please. It jars my slats. (Curtain.)

Goodsell.

The Challenge of Youth

Hark to the pulsing murmur
  At the gates of the nations there,
Of a million voices blending,
  Till their clamor fills the air.

From cliffs where the eagle screams,
  From ocean's wave-kissed shore,

Peals the trumpet-like call of youth,
That has startled the ages before.

"We fling to the world our challenge
Against life's sham and its shame—
The Tocsin calls to the battle zone,
Toward the flaming fields of fame.

"We are the men of to-morrow;
Round about us an empire clings,
As, with lances set, we charge full tilt
At the mocking face of things.

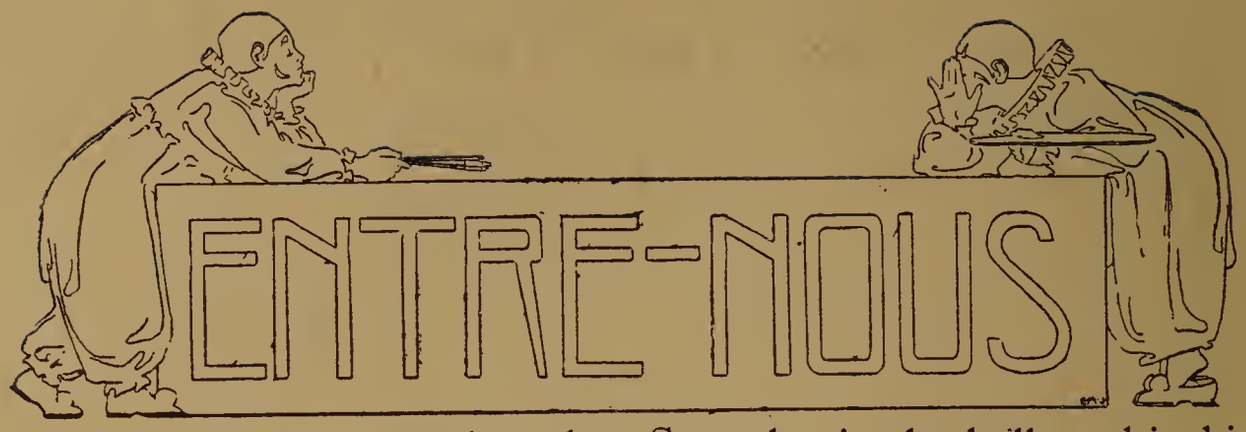
"We fear not the bugles of Mars,
Nor the brazen thrones of sin;
Impatient we gaze on the lists of life,
Always daring to enter in.

"Strong in the strength of our untried youth,
We hurl defiance sublime
At the warring spheres of Now,
And the snarling fangs of Time.

"Youths with the strength of Vikings,
Maidens fairer than lily or rose,
Singing a world-old chorus,
That on through the centuries goes.

"We are the disciples of destiny,
Seeking, demanding the truth,
Calling and ever calling
The eternal challenge of youth."

Morley D. Cameron.



The editor accosted me last Saturday in the hall, and in his customary stern and inexorable manner informed me that my "stuff must be in by Tuesday." "Dear me!" I exclaimed helplessly (I possess a wholesome fear of the editor) "dear me! What shall I write about? Somebody else has done about the play, and that's the only thing that's happened this month." I stopped suddenly as I met his accusing eye. "There was the Junior Prom," he said. Somehow the Junior Prom seems most awfully far away. I can remember by persistent effort that I had a wonderful time—that I wore the first trail to my gown that I ever owned (indeed, this dance will probably be distinguished even to posterity by this very fact), that the favors were lovely, that there was whipped cream on top of the frappe, and mirrors around the wall that surprised you several times during the evening when you looked up and caught yourself smiling inanely off into space. Further—my memory improves—Mr. Major was there, paying compliments delightfully to the same young ladies whom he had growled and raved at in the morning, the young ladies aforesaid enjoying the compliments even as they had enjoyed the ravings. Then there were cool places outside where one might sit and eat frappe, and giggle at the mention of pneumonia and bronchitis, while the night wind blew comfortingly on heated throats and

shoulders. Altogether it was much as other Junior Proms have been and will be—a great success—but nevertheless, in the light of the more recent and glorious success of the play, hardly to be mentioned. Let me not offend a single Junior. There have been dances and dances, but never before in our memory a play. You will hear about it on every page of this number, or I am greatly mistaken, and you must forgive us. Think what we've done. I'm sure you'd crow, too, and indeed you may crow with us even now, if you like, for you did the biggest part, after all, and we love you for coming and for liking it. So thanks a lot. And lots of thanks to all the people that helped us. To Miss Hathaway, who found us places to practice, and obligingly looked the other way or ignored us when we took school time for rehearsing. And to all the nice mothers, who let us turn their houses topsy-turvy, and lent us properties and concocted costumes. To the people who gave us the music, and the people who printed our tickets, and to the people who coached us. Everybody was almost too good to be true, as if it was Christmas, or birthdays, or something.

As we go to press (you've no idea what pride and pleasure I take in such expressions) the atmosphere is thick with ominous foreboding—more especially in the Freshman regions. This morning we were assembled in the hall, and once more we heard the warning words: "All work for the year must be completed and handed in by the sixteenth of June. No pupil will be promoted unless they have entirely completed the school work." All this delivered in Mr. Bartlett's inimitably awe-inspiring manner, which has become so greatly endeared to us by persistent repetition.

The little Freshmen mostly adopted expressions of fierce determination and terrific earnestness, gazing upon Mr. Bartlett with solemn, intense eyes. They weren't at all sure that they were going to pass, so they were going to work for the rest of the year, if they had never worked before. Now and then I meet one in the hall, and their conversation is hopelessly laden with questions. "Are there many that don't get promoted?" they inquire anxiously, and "Say, what do they give you in the exams?" inevitably ending with depressing hopelessness, "I'll never get my certificates done, never!"

The Sophomores—superior things—without a care in the world, having passed the awful barriers once, are just too flippant for anything. "Huh! That's nothing! He *always* says that," they affirm in a painfully cock-sure manner. "That's just exactly what he said last year. Exactly! And we all got through, see us!" And they beam and expand like little pouter pigeons.

Of course I can't tell you how the Seniors felt. I believe they are popularly supposed not to feel—but the Juniors, as they dashed madly and unsentimentally for the lunch counter, had every one a horrid little sinking in their midst, not due to the pangs of hunger, but to the dreadful thought, "Only *once* more to hear that." Honestly and truthfully—as the children say—the idea of getting through school is almost too much for me. Just think, I'll never see any of you again probably! You'll go to Panama, and Iceland, and Chicago, and die, and be buried, and married, and all sorts of awful things will happen to you. There will be new and quite different and not nearly so nice classes succeed us, and *then* they'll be sorry. I don't know just why or for what, but I'm sure they will.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY

One of the features of the October CENTRE OF VISION will be a careful analytical article from the gifted pen of Sam Brown, entitled "Does My Mother Know I'm Out? or, "What an Art Student Had Better Not See in Paris."

I have tried to spin a few more yards of the usual drivel to pad this double number with, but somehow it has become dreadfully labored. By the time this is published examinations will be over. We will even know our marks, and the agony of spirit we are now wallowing in will have quite vanished. We will all be in a raving, tearing hurry to get out to the country, or the beach, or wherever we may be going. So it's no use talking any more. "All over," Mr. Major says. "Get out! Turn a somersault! Forget it! Enjoy yourselves! And come back in the fall good and healthy and strong, and ready to work hard." Good luck to everybody, and don't forget us, you people who are never coming back any more. Only one for some of us, and that's so soon we can't bear to think of it. About this time after our first year we all went around saying: "Aren't you glad you're not a Freshman any more?" Well, we all know how we feel about it now. We'd just about give our ears to be back at the very beginning again. So if you are coming back for one year, or two, or three, your luck is according, and we will let the Seniors weep. Poor Seniors!

Summer's here, people! Summer's here! Boating, and bathing, and swimming! Home and mother and apple pies! "Green apple pies, with lots of 'lasses in 'em." Books out of doors, and long walks, and lazy days, and lots of time to sketch! What do you think! I've been in swimming already! It gave

me a cold, but I went, and it was, I realized, what my soul had been starving for for months. There are so many ways to have a good time in the summer. There's one jolly little girl here in school, who has red hair and lots of brothers, who is going to a farm not far off and run wild. She has made herself half a dozen blue gingham dresses, and she's going to wear them all the time. She'll not put on a hat for months, and she'll freckle most surprisingly, and she'll let her carroty hair down in a pig-tail, and most of her time will be spent tearing around on a little brown pony and going in swimming in the swimming hole. She'll put on a big checked apron, and hull strawberries, and skim big pans of milk, and maybe make butter, for all I know. My! but I wish I was her! There's the other kind that wears lacy, frilly dresses, and carries a golumptious parasol all about, and dances and flirts, and doesn't do one other thing. That would be fun, too, to try for a while. Then there's the very lucky one that is going to take whole rolls of canvas away with her, and paint and paint, and make the rest of us feel like thirty cents when it comes time for the exhibition. That, of course, is best of all. But perhaps there are some that aren't going to have a good time a bit, that will have to stay right here all summer and toil. Which of course will be good for their souls, and better for their pocket-books, and I daresay they will work harder next winter. So, till next winter, good luck—and may your summer do you lots of good, whatever it may be.

To-morrow I must pass in a composition, which is not yet made, and it is now half-past eight in the evening. Therefore I am sitting down with a cheerful heart to scribble a perfectly superfluous item for our noble periodical. It is impossible, anyway, to bottle up an impulse on such an altogether joyous evening as this. It has been raining all the afternoon, and the

world is quite clean and cool. The drops came down with delicious little quick splashes, and in ten minutes the gutters were flowing. The roofs were black and shining against an unaccountably blue and shimmery sky, and after my first look outdoors, I was done for. I left my group, grown suddenly odious, and having opened the window and got one good sniff, there I stuck, and longed, and yearned, and prayed to get out in it and get wet. Oh! real wet, so that my hair would be flat and plastered to my head, and a little stream would go running down my nose; so that I would have a delicious soaked spot between my shoulders, and my feet would be soppin'. I hope and believe that I will never outgrow the bliss of getting my feet wet. Did you ever go out for a walk in the country when it was raining? The Lamp-post knows all about it, for when I mentioned it to him to-day his face became quite eloquent, and he murmured, in the tones of one eating chocolate fudge Sundaes at Bailey's: "Mmmmmmm. In the grass!" Then every time you reach up to pick something or other from a great high bush, a sudden unexpected tempest descends upon your quivering shoulders. E-e-e-e-e! Of course I didn't go—I couldn't. I had on a clean starched dress, and besides, I'm twenty-something and this is Boston city. So I suppose I had better behave and go do my composition. The examination is in two weeks.

Frances Downes.

The average studio is a workshop, and is about as romantic as a city editor's room or a hardware store.

Some people think as they think other people think they ought to think.

Where does the credit go? Of course there were the weary and spasmodic hours of rehearsal, the efforts of those who so kindly coached us, the planning and overseeing, the printing and selling of tickets, and so on to the end. But this is not where we wish to place the credit. What if there had been an empty hall? It's you who came that made the thing a success. At first we hugged the laurels to our own bosoms, but now we are willing to share it. If you knew how much satisfaction it gave us to be able to peek through a hole in the curtain at a thronged hall, we are sure that you would feel amply repaid. And we want particularly to thank you in behalf of that somewhat elusive but very necessary thing which we call school spirit. The air was vibrant with it. And this is as it should be. Affairs like this have a good and hearty influence on the school. They help to pull us together. Next year we are going to do it again.

Other day I went to Marblehead to see the "churn." You get there by a little path through a meadow that might lead anywhere if it were not for the low murmur ahead, which swelled into a roar as I came out on the rocks. There is nothing quite comparable to the murmuring of the ocean, unless perhaps it be the sighing of the wind through the pine tops far above your head. Once I did not like the ocean. Perhaps because I had seen but very little of it, unless you reckon occasional holiday trips with chattering groups, when everything was noisy and sticky, and made me wish for the clean, quiet calm of the inland waters that I was used to. Lately I have seen more of it. I think that, had I scraped acquaintance with it earlier, I might have loved it. I do not believe in love at first sight. As it stands now, the ocean disturbs me when I am with it, and when I am away fills me with a haunting, almost hungry longing to go back. Perhaps that is the beginning of love.

The rocks are slimy and slippery under foot. At their base is the churn—a tangle of wrangling waters, writhing, boiling, seething, twisting over the rocks and back again. In them are all the greens of a Woodberry marine. The water rushes into a gaping rent in the rocks, swells it full, higher, and higher yet, hangs a moment, a moment full of suspense, then drops back, back with a tumultuous sigh, like a heaving bosom. And that which is left in the little crevices and basins dribbles and splashes after.

Farther out, two black, sinister peaks of rock are thrust up through a boiling caldron of feather-white water, which swirl greedily toward one and back again. At one's feet the waves lick hungrily at the rocks with foam-flecked lips. The noise is not tiresome—it fills one with awe, like the peal of thunder.

It has been a gray, misty day. Far out the sky shuts down on the horizon like a tightly-drawn curtain. Suddenly on this curtain is flung a rainbow, arching out of the water, up, and back again.

And the wonder of it all is that these things go on just the same all the time, whether any one is there to see them or not.

Nowadays people make a hobby of studying nature. And the sad part of it all is that when they have used a thing they cast it aside; when they have found out a truth they have no longer any use for it, but go blindly on to the next. Nature should be as a sort of background for us all; don't ignore her, but study her as you go about your work.

Nature is a big book, written in every one's native tongue. There is no table of contents, no index, no climax, but it is continued—back to the front of the book again. There is ample opportunity for reading between the lines. The first edition will never be exhausted. The name of the author is not to be found on the title page, but is illuminated on every other page in the book. Every one is supplied with his own individual copy. But let Nature turn the leaves, or let the wind blow them, or the moon light them; you are not fit to, you'd only soil them. And, besides, if you go to peeping and prying, the book will be closed with a bang in your face, and clasped. Only, do read when it lies open before you. It is only when you are quiet that you hear the rustle of the wood mouse as he pokes his head up through the leaves to carry away the crumbs of your lunch.

And don't forget the exhibition next fall. You know, the Alumni has promised us the use of their rooms for a week some

time in October—just three golden months away. Now we do not mean to say that you should go out and sketch solely because there is to be an exhibition—that sort of attitude does not breed good work; but, when out of the multitude of poor ones you do evolve a good one, just say to yourself, whilst gloating over it, "I'll save that one for the exhibition."

You who go out into the world to-day, you who have breasted the tape, do not throw up your arms and stop; the race is not run, it has only just begun. We who are in the rear shall watch you; you are about to do that which soon we shall have to do; so turn and look back once in a while—we shall watch you out of sight around the bend. "On to the walls, and over."

You who have but just started—have you found the pace at last? 'Twas a straggly line you had at first, but there is a rather clearer—albeit narrower—stretch of road ahead of you. Some of you have dropped out, but those of you who have kept on will find it well worth the running.

And you who started just behind us—you should have fallen into your stride by this time. Some of you, we know, have; indeed, at times we have heard the pit-pat of your feet close behind us, spurring us on.

As for we who fall into the leaders' places—well, the most that we can do is to call out: "Come on, fellers, it's the last quarter!"

We wish to correct the rather curious mistake that was made in the translation from a German newspaper of the criticism of the American exhibition that appeared in our last issue.

Miss Fischer's manuscript was absolutely correct, the mistake due to our own carelessness.

The CENTRE OF VISION will be published next year—we were going to say, as usual, but we hope to make it different, oh! so very different, and yet we are not going to make any promises except that we are going to have a bigger, better, and stronger staff, and that we are all going to work very hard. Not that we have not worked hard this year; we have, but sometimes it has been in the wrong direction. We have made mistakes, but we have profited by them; we have been criticised—sometimes very justly—and that has helped us.

We want a paper that will be fairly steeped in the atmosphere of this school; that will have influence; that will tie and bind; a paper that every student in the school can look upon and say: "I did it, I did it, with my own hands I did it." No matter if we published a paper that equaled Harper's or the Atlantic Monthly, or any other of the unapproachables, if it lacks these things, then does it fall far short of its aim.

Two, or three, or five, or seven persons on the staff cannot supply this spirit alone. There is nothing more encouraging than to find someone interested; there is nothing more utterly discouraging than people entirely oblivious. Please do not misunderstand us; you might not submit a single contribution during the entire four years, you might criticise keenly and cuttingly every issue that appears, and yet be interested and helpful.

We *will* make this promise: You help us next year, and we'll try to do much better. And now we'll let it go at that.

When you pack your suit case for the vacation, remember that a toothbrush is worth a dozen pairs of cuffs.

Anson K. Cross announces to his present and past pupils that he is preparing a series of correspondence lessons in free-hand drawing which will require illustrations in pencil, in light and shade, in monochrome and in color. Those having sketch books, or single sketches with subjects possibly suitable for such use, are invited to send them to Mr. Cross with the understanding that if any can be used they will be paid for when they are published. Mark the price on each sketch, also the name of the artist. Place the address on the back. Prices must be low.

Do not send work which must be returned before fall, and no responsibility will be assumed beyond paying for sketches actually kept for reproduction. All sketches must be sent flat, and oil sketches must be sent so they will not stick together.

Anson K. Cross.

8 Beacon street, Boston, Mass., Room 55.

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Eldridge, S. Arnold.....Quincy Avenue, Quincy
Elkins, Alice Gertrude.....10 Moody, Amesbury
Elliot, Esther G.....24 Bow, Beverly
Elliott, Bessie.....29 Myrtle, Belmont
Ellis, J. Bailey, Jr.....North Scituate
Ells, Margarita W.....57 Oakdale Avenue, Dedham

F

Farnham, Marion.....15 Garnet, Malden
Farrington, Ellen R.....
Fearing, Miriam C.....461 Main, South Weymouth
Fischer, Sophie J.....18 Union Terrace, Jamaica Plain
Fitzgerald, Margaret C.....89 Humboldt, Roxbury
Fletcher, Marjorie F.....Grafton
Flewelling, Walter A.....Grant, Needham
Flye, Sarah L.....Sheepscott, Me.
Forbush, Gladys Lillian.....198 Church, Newton
Fowles, Donald.....Frances, Woburn
Fox, Edward A.....318 Metropolitan Avenue, Roslindale
Franks, Louise.....209 Union, Rockland
French, Mabel.....46 Baker, Lynn
Fuller, Olive E.....45 Aldie, Allston

G

Gale, Margaret.....Concord Junction
Gannon, Katherine.....31 Dunreath, Roxbury
Gilman, Bessie E.34 Pelham, Methuen, Franklin Square House, Boston
Gilmore, Marion I.....14 Emmons, Milford
Gleason, Mary H.....North Hancock, Lexington
Gleason, Teresa F.....2 Stillman Place

Goodsell, Grover A.....Shelburne, Vt.
Gough, Ruth F.....221 High, Taunton
Gorham, Victor.....Wiscasset, Me.
Gove, Evelyn F.....15 Spring, Ipswich
Graham, Helen.....46 Newbury, Newton Centre
Graves, Lulu J.....77 King, Dorchester
Green, Winifred L.....12 Forest Avenue, Worcester

H

Hadley, Mary.....754 Dudley, Dorchester
Haines, Emily.....35 St. Botolph, Boston
Hale, Alice G.....Rowley
Hall, Beatrice.....258 Kilton, Dorchester
Hall, Lulu.....489 Washington, Whitman
Hall, Raymond F.....10 Woodlawn, Lynn
Hastie, Marjorie.....1 Elm Way, Westboro
Hathaway, Edith M.....159 Linwood, Abington
Hazelton, William.....123 South, Reading
Henry, Anna.....24 Harvest, Dorchester
Herdman, Kenneth S.....Fairoaks Park, Needham
Hesselton, Earle J.....2 Corning Avenue, Worcester
Hibbard, Aldro T.....19 Howe, Dorchester
Hibbard, Eleanor.....35 Beaumont, Dorchester
Higgins, Helen.....29 Church, Milford
Hillman, Mary S.....79 Chandler, Pelham, N. H.
Hilton, Mary A.....2712 Berkeley, California
Hilton, Mary E.....169 Vine, Everett
Hirst, Isabella M.....16 Kingston, West Somerville
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Hodnett, Sarah.....295 Brownell, Fall River
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Horton, Beatrice.....89 Lincoln, Fitchburg
Howard, John L.....200 Park, West Roxbury
Hueser, Marion.....28 Autumn, Everett
Hunt, Alice F.....94 Bancroft Avenue, Reading
Hyson, Laura E. W.....Pleasant Point, N. S., 22 Magazine, Cambridge

I

Ireland, Olive E.....54 Rock View, Jamaica Plain

J

James, Gertrude.....212 West Main, Richmond, Ind.
Jenkins, Grace E. B.....23 Hollis, Newton
Jenkins, Grace M.....46 Battles, Brockton
Jenkins, Rose M.....43 Renwick Road, Melrose Highlands
Jones, Clara L.....38 Burroughs, Jamaica Plain
Jorgensen, Elizabeth M.....22 Ambrose, Revere

K

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Lovell, Miriam.....62 Fruit, Worcester

M

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Masson, Margaret A.....108 Willis, North Bedford
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Mealand, Anna M.....21 Union, Greenland
Merchant, Edith.....268 Westford, Lowell
Merchant, Edith C.....268 Westford, Lowell
Merriam, Ruth B.....11 Crescent, Derry, N. H.
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Morris, George E.....Waltham
Murray, Mazie.....162 Elm, Amesbury

N

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Neal, Esther.....Williamstown
Nesmith, Stella.....Plympton
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Nice, Everett.....Harrison, Waverley
Nichols, Fred W.....105 Medford, Medford
Nourse, Elsie L.....Barre, 109 Bryant Avenue, East Milton
Noyes, Ruth.....66 Wendell, Cambridge
Nutting, Eglantine C.....79 Adams, Waltham
Nyland, Ithamas.....110 Eutaw Avenue, Lynn

O

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O'Loughlin, Gertrude F.....54 Cypress, Brookline
Otis, Berenice Florence.....104 North Main, Florence

P

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Pratt, Fannie A.....14 King, Dorchester

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Roche, Thomas.....224 Northampton, Boston
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83 Princeton Road, Fitchburg, 66 Maywood, Roxbury

S

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Shaw, Mildred.....39 Buckman, Everett
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Smith, Ida V.....113 Brookline Avenue, Boston
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Smith, Ray Clifford.....Danielson, Conn.
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Snow, Mildred.....126 Belgrade Avenue, Roslindale
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Swett, Marion K.....143 Green, Melrose Highlands

T

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Taylor, Marion C.....Acton

Thayer, Alvin P.....Orange, 193 Canton, Boston
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Tucker, Sarah W.....Gloucester
Tuttle, Ernest W.....Dublin, N. H.

U

Upham, Irene.....35 Spring Park Avenue, Jamaica Plain
Urquhart, Stuart.....304 Boston, Lynn

V

Valentic, Edward I.....86 Pennsylvania Avenue, Worcester
Vining, Ola D.....275 Irene, Willimansett

W

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Ware, Kathleen.....240 Savin Hill Avenue, Dorchester
Warren, Elizabeth B.....193 Aspinwall Avenue, Brookline
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Webster, Olive C.....10 Virginia, Somerville
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Wheelock, Alice D.....12 Darling, Dorchester
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Whitney, Edith.....37 Franklin, Marlboro
Whitney, Lorene A.....38 Wallace, West Somerville
Wilder, Eleanor N.....Fitchburg
Wilkinson, Elizabeth E.....8 Walden Place, Lynn
Willard, Mabel V.....109 Hewlett, Roslindale
Willard, Maud B.....478 Main, Medford
Williams, Mabelle.....24 North Prospect, Amherst
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